

"I shatter my soul... to discourage trespass..."
Cloaked Figure, Strange Circles

# Fragments of Coloured Dreams

by ~Sasha Fenn

A collection of poetry from the emptiest void and other imaginary places

2018

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# Shadows of a Lighthouse

Darkness whirls round and round without silence without sound

Twisted ice forms on such tears nothing ever as first appears

Riddles here and patterns there search for all and everywhere

Shadows come and seem to rise while no light does touch your eyes

Through all virtue past all sin remember always the key is within

For darkness whirls round and round without silence and without sound

#### **Dark Decisions**

At my God's decree
I wound my chain
round wilted hearts
and shifting rain
over graves of ghosts
and bleeding pain
at the loss of treasures
I couldn't claim

At my Father's bid I traveled my sea all splinters caught in the husks of glee all sparkling in the brilliant flow of moldy sap from a rotting tree

And the Howling Dogs bid me to say that I had come from fields of gray and that I leave to make my way into the same or so they pray

At the bid of forces
scarcely seen
all hiding in
my twisty dreams
I've slowly pressed on into
what would seem
to be a trap constructed
from my skin

I let myself be pulled on
o'er this sea
and let the few last hopes I had
all sink
but though I now bid myself
to be free
I never do follow my own decree.

And the Howling Dogs

bid me to pray
that better things
will come my way
but I left my God
in a field of gray
where he makes His grave
or so they say

#### White Rabbits for Faux Doves

We wore our masks of joy, our merry band, and bragged to all our neighbors of our plan, to dance through the nearest and farthest lands, and sing olive branches into their hands.

They warned us we should stay and help them fight, the demons that came calling in the night, for though we may inspire dim delight, our escapism would not cull the fright.

But fighting never could trade war for peace, and singing never could trade fear for love, and if all of our choices were deceased, then why trade our white rabbits for faux doves?

So journeyed us from home to town to coast, and how our first gig troubled us the most, was that, while of our numbers we could boast, every seat was taken up by a ghost.

And when we left, flames ate up every brick, til sulfur made the last survivors sick. To sail us safe through ashen fog so thick, we had naught but our metronome's thin tick.

So journeyed we from south to north to east. Our second concert saw our fears increased, for all our fans had upon which to feast, were paper crackers stolen from the priest.

And when we left, flood waters made them swim a witch's brew of laughing cherubim.

We cried back that we would remember them... perhaps our art may make their loss less grim.

So journeying up the road to the mount, and giving our last wards a steep discount, we drew them deep into a sleep where none would weep but all could keep beating their feet until they could surmount their greatest tears no matter what the count.

The snow choked out the notes of our last song,

so we departed 'fore too very long, and though our children froze amidst the throng, we told ourselves that we had done no wrong.

For if we'd never left we would have died, what harm did we, though yes, we did elope? In leaving, all we'd changed was who had cried, so why not share our white rabbits of hope?

So came we lastly back to homes we'd left, to find our loved one's bones bleached by the day, not one of them were buried for their rest, for all alive had opted not to stay.

And when the demons came to call us down, we sang of fantasies of better lands, where flags were fictions and of peace the sound could be heard anywhere that one could stand.

The last star set to usher in a night of darkness that fit eyes like leather gloves.

Came we to sleep and dream so deep of cliffs too steep to promise, keep.

And thus, at last losing the hopeless fight, so died both our white rabbits and faux doves.

# Quandary

it is an interesting world where gravity can come and go and everyone is afraid

> It's a strange world It's a strange world where the sun lingers

Show me your meaning Show me your soul Show me the magic keeping you whole

Show me your purpose Show me your goal Show the fire dying oe'r your dying coals

It's a strange world
It's a strange world
where gravity
comes and goes
where all
fear you
fear all

I wonder why I wonder what it is they know

## Glass

Look, do you see? Do you see? No. Nothing. There is nothing there to see. You can not see. Nor can I. There is clearly nothing there, for glass is clear, and there is nothing there. The poster is gone, or the glass is empty. The glass is empty, and the poster is gone. The time has passed, and the time is short, and the time is near, and the time is little, and the time is impatient, and the time is deaf, and dumb, and the time is a cloak, and the glass is empty, and the poster is gone, and the glass is empty.

## Time, a sequel to Glass

Who has time?
Who holds time captive?

Tick-

Time can fly,

but can it land?

Tock-

Time can run out,

but can it run in?

Tick, Tock-

Who can time not escape from?

Who can command time?

Tock-

Time waits for no man.

Time waits for no woman.

Tick-

Time waits for no child,

nor for those

who have lived for a time.

Tock, Tick-

They say time will tell,

but time can not speak.

Who are they?

How do they know that time will tell?

For who can know time?

What can time know?

Nothing...

but to run away,

run by,

run out.

Ding, Ding,

#### **Fears**

They do not know the things I fear for I fear that they should know They do not see my hidden tears frozen in the snow

I hear the tinkling of a bell in a vast and open hall a thunderous roar to shake the earth summons me to the call

I'm broken somewhere deep inside
I know not where or when
it's not a matter of my pride
or a matter of my sin

It's not that I am numb or dumb or can not feel as they it seems quite clear as they draw near I feel more than they say

I'm broken somewhere deep inside
I don't know what it is
but it makes me tired like a stone
floating in the abyss

I'm broken somewhere deep inside
I'll say it o'er again
don't try to fix me they have tried
don't try to understand

I'll burn you up like molten soot and drown you in black mud Before I tell you where I'm put I'll boil up your blood

> For a secret kept for the simple sake of a wandering eye and a birthday cake of a slight reprieve from the agony of the hawklike eyes that are watching me

For a secret kept

for the sole warrant
of uncertainty
in the way we went
of a certainty
in the pain of sight
like a mouse that hides
at the touch of light

I have no out
in this deadly race
in the pale moonlight
of this fiery chase
I have no reason
yet to run
but the fear inside
has just begun

If you think you see what I have to show then I'll spin you about and I'll let you know if e'er you see what I happen to be I'll pull you in to the paradigm flow

The world is magic you have been warned and magic is worst when it's been scorned Your world is tight like a sinking ship which with gold jet black has been adorned

Don't miss this trip pick up the slack you're comin' with me and not going back Your world is done your soul is through you'll ne'er again know what is true

when I'm done with you

My soul is glass

in shattered shards
quite sharp like glass
'gainst charcoal scraped
I can not keep
you out but I
can keep the few
that 'Imost escaped

I do not know the things I fear it doesn't show 'cause it isn't here

I'm just afraid
like the sun is brown
for a secret kept
is a bitter crown
and if you see
we'll both go down

## Fallen Daydream

A fallen angel and a fallen sky a shard of glass in a broken eye a stream of blood down a hill of bones makes the giants laugh while the children cry

If I surround myself
in a swamp of pain
no one will hear me scream
it's hard to hear
what you disdain
when you suffocate
in a sea of fear

A crack of dawn
spills out the tar
from the newnight sky
and it's unhealed scar
as it's torn in two
by hands of blue
tight and fast in the grip of
Exsanguination

If you wish to ask
why I do not do
these things that seem
so important to you
you could just ask
why I do not play
all these games you task
every day.

A rising angel
and a dawning sky
a shard of glass
in a beam of light
a stream of sun
through a cloud of tears
makes the children laugh
away all their fears

#### A sound!

A sound! She turns her head, pricks up her ears and tail.
Her skin tingles beneath her brown and white fur.
A sound! It whispers lightly across the grass, the patches of ancient yellow and gleaming green, aged paper and scintillating emerald, across the fleeting footsteps of the breeze as it coaches the oaks to bend and dance.
Not music, something more.
Not silence, less.

A sound! It echoes off the pure snowy white and scarlet rose of the home behind her.
A sound! Even the ants hearken.

A sound! She bays and sprints and halts; the couple behind calls her back.

They outline this sensible, logical,
incomprehensible expostulation

for her to return.

It's inconceivably important that she should turn about and see what the monkeys want.

She bays and sprints towards the sound,
burning with curiosity.

No sound. It's gone. Oh well.

#### Quarrel of the Birds

One was hovering in its place whilst the other did ascend.
Both mighty birds were ready to spar until the end.
Together, each one drifting through the chorus of the wind

A flash of light did come at last to take them through the gate to a timeless place where they might end their violent old debate each flier's foremost task to seal the other's grimmest fate.

The earth did sing their last farewell with the ground's awesome quake.
Creatures scurried to and fro as the land below did break, each fearing that the tremors had their early ends to make.

Thus both birds had ventured through to and endless sea of black.
In scatterplot procession stars brought little color back.
Indifferent to their newfound home, the fliers did attack.

The stars were white, the sky was black, the orb of flame was near, the warriors both were here to fight for what they held so dear, and as for all the little dwarfs, yes, they were also here.

Throughout the cosmic landscape flew a plethora of rock, floating about the darkened void all gathered in a flock, their sizes vast and varied 'cross an ocean with no dock.

One bird was clothed in fire, strong as shepherd's sheep are tame. It dived towards its opponent,

and cried out as it came, for it was its most current hope the other's life to claim.

Its foe had garments made of ice and cold as winter's thumb. It's breath was frozen crystal and its heart was fierce and numb. It flew up as if to strike, as the other one did come.

The birds were shooting towards each other like bullets from a gun.

Just before they did collide, each broke their furious run, swearing ever not to tire until one's life was done.

They twirled 'round each other, both exchanging crass beratings, their last, lone chosen chore to claim the other for the takings, two fearsome foes, rapt, ravished by their legendary makings.

Then suddenly amidst the clash all colors did invert, and yet each bird proceeded on, although each one was hurt, for 'twas each flier's foremost wish their foe would be inert.

The stars became as dark as night, the sky as white as snow. Fire morphed to clear, blue ice inside the sphere's vast glow. The rocks in orbit round the orb just added to the show.

As the calm and humble dwarfs hammered away at stone, it changed before their gazing eyes, 'sthey watched without a groan, into precious gems and crystals that were a sight alone.

They kept on mining through the war,

unknowing to the change.
They let go no expression at
the sight of drold and krange.
A floating gem passed through them all,
and this was very strange.

The fliers pecked and sliced and stabbed with beaks and claws all worn, though each of them were tired and their feathers all were torn, each fought against the other with a well of endless scorn.

Their angry cries were all that served the other any warn'; they flew round the colossal sphere in a place void of morn', in a place void of afternoon, their beaks each like a horn,

horns like the tusks of elephants, with which each bird could jab, horns like that of a trumpeter attention all to grab, and beaks to bite the other with like pincers of a crab.

Then one bird got the upper hand, high over the other, The warrior that was clothed in ice with coldness as its brother, it was winning now, at last! There was no time to hover!

The stars were black, the sky was white, the orb of ice was close, the fliers both were here to fight for what the loved the most, and all the dwarfs were acting like they'd had an overdose.

Around each of the little dwarfs
was a faint yellow glow.
They all had picks and axes which
could mine through rock or snow,
and they barely even noticed when
the colors went loco.

The bird of ice had yet to learn, it ought pay more respect, to that of its surroundings when the fire's in effect, for at that precise moment a new flare did thus eject.

The frozen flier shrieked in shock, fleeing like a squirrel.
The near miss against the flame had taught it a new moral.
Thus did go on, long after, their never ending quarrel.

The stars were white, the sky was black, the orb of flame was near, the warriors both were here to fight for what they held so dear; to look upon this sight 'twas hard not shed a bitter tear.

#### The Beast that Bit the Brass

A child, once, upon seeing a towering monster striding hungrily in her general direction, scurried to a nearby adult and exclaimed "Look! Look! A terrible, terrible goomslavoo is coming to devour us! We must run away!" The adult, in answer, smiled and fondly patted the child on the head, saying "Oh come now, don't be ridiculous! There are no such things as goomslavoos."

Now the goomslavoo, by this time, was quite near, and so the child turned and ran away screaming, while the adult shook his head at the child's foolishness. The goomslavoo then slowly proceeded to dismember the adult.

It sliced open his acumen and bashed in his intellect. It slashed his opinions apart into keen, little shreds of perception. It tore his logic from his reason and his beliefs from his logic. It shredded his whims. It scrambled his expectations. It snapped and cracked his sanity until it protruded out of his reputation at odd corners, the mettle exposed, and popped his mental schemas like bubble wrap around his fragile convictions. It ripped feelings from his heart and thoughts from his mind, and drank the meaning from his aims.

The adult's tragedy was not unique; he suffered from a common intellectual trait. He could not accept what he saw without rejecting what he could not see. Unfortunately for him, what he saw happened to be the more deadly of the two.

## Ode To Insanity

With a spirit without aim and a lock without key
We slowly create our surreality
with a prepackaged soul you can get now for free
This song is my name and this laughter is me

With a whip and a steed and a highdollar bet
I tell you you haven't seen anything yet
If you think that our winning this race is a threat
The point of our exercise you'll never get

With a spirit without aim and a lock without key
We slowly create our surreality
with a prepackaged soul you can get now for free
I'll do anything at all that brings me glee

Our future is clear our horizon is vast
Our choice has been made and our die has been cast
Our flag is raised up to the fullness of mast
For the tyrant of reason has fallen at last

With a spirit without aim and a lock without key
We slowly create our surreality
with a prepackaged soul you can get now for free
I'll act on whatever whim occurs to me

We've opened the doorway of imagination ripped open the box and set free our creation from abstract ideals to simple sensation we've finally completed our disintegration

With a spirit without aim and a lock without key
We slowly create our surreality
with a prepackaged soul you can get now for free
the freedom of dream is our only decree

Wherever he ends up where'er he arrives the journey's the point the adventure's the prize there's no higher purpose to dictate our lives we dance on a whim and we sing our reprise

We've pulled out the stops
We've set loose the dogs
We're acting like animals
raining like frogs
we've all gone quite mad

but why are you upset? what was it that you imagined that you'd get?

Man's mind had it's glory reason had it's time it failed you spectacularly it's not worth a dime Now give us our turn and give us our play you all had your say now ours is the day

Our laughter will ring
Our trumpets will sing
Our madness will scream
our joy is now free
and for our final act
for the greatest of tricks
we'll show you what happiness
always must be

To think is to feel
To know is to speak
to be what you are
is to be but a freak
An inkblot's a plan
An explosion's a tune
A hero's a madman
A genius a loon

Beauty is marvelous vision a veal greatness deviance sacred unreal virtue spontaneity nonsense profound confusion inviolate chaos unbound

And our minds are open and our eyes are closed and our hearts are bleeding like a drying rose the blind have all spoken and the path that they chose arises before us and in blackness it glows

This great game of shadow is now almost done

We thank you for playing each and every one now everyone's dead and no one has won and we thank all the dead for all the great fun

The sky was your own, and you settled on blue Your life was your own and you settled on gray and I was on trial and you settled on true and now the earth burns like a forgotten fillet

You took up our reigns and you showed us the way you entered our brains and you molded our clay you all ruled the world, your minds were a blur and you were all marvelous, you really were

You spoke all your thoughts and you did what you may and your names echoed loud and then floated away Now give us our turn and give us our play you all had your say now ours is the day

You spoke all your thoughts and you did what you may and your names echoed loud and then floated away Now give us our turn and give us our play you all had your say now ours is the day

With a spirit without aim and a lock without key
We slowly create our surreality
with a prepackaged soul you can get now for free
This is my Ode to Insanity
This is my Ode to Insanity

#### The Traveler

I come from the halls of the wise from the world of your youth I come to offer ignorance and I come to offer truth
I hear the reels of laughter and I hear the holy name and I knew all this was coming for it was I that came.

What kind of demon are you?
a cockroach or a bird?
Do you think that you can change the world with a gesture or a word?
Can you not see the blinded eyes or hear the children cry?
Just leave these bloody fools to death and return to the sky.

I come to give you fire even
if it gives you pain
I come to ask you questions
and upon you they shall rain
I see your deadened faces
and I feel your lifeless hands
and I came to find the fire in
your swiftly sinking sands

Why do you say so many things that make you sound absurd? We're all quite happy as we are or had you never heard? We only do as we are meant why should we wonder why? Our spirits are already spent just leave us here to die.

I don't believe in morals and
I don't believe in God
I don't believe in you or I
or anything at all
I only see the things I see
and think the things I think
I'm just as right as anyone
to put them down in ink

You've come to sabotage our fight
and steal our ivory crown
you've come to take our laws and thoughts
and raze them to the ground
I do not care to hear your words
or care to know your aims
We will not stand for this disgrace
or tolerate your games

Why do you say the things you say
why do you call them true?
What happened that made you this way
what is it I should do?
How can I make you see your words
are empty as the air?
How can I pierce such certainty
or make such people care?

You can not ask such silly things you simply must accept not everything is yours to know some are forever kept just in the corner of your eye just past the crooked line that separates the things of men from those of the divine

I'll know whatever that I wish and see all that I see!
I'll write a thousand proverbs and I'll keep them all for me!
And yet, I'll wake to scorn the lot of you and all you say
I writhe in pain at loss so plain how can I live this way?

I come from the halls of the wise from the world of your youth I come to offer ignorance and I come to offer truth I hear the reels of laughter and I hear the holy name and I knew all this was coming for it was I that came.

## Save or Delete

In an afternoon dream, something sparked an idea in my mind, but in waking from sleep I couldn't save the thought, though I listened intently to the corner of my heart where it died.

### Sleep

Why do you let sleep flee, so far away from thee.

It's yours if you will ask

Call on the black

Call on the void

End the voices that cut
the pieces of the puzzle
scattered to the breeze
are the days of your life
is there really anything you want more?
Is anything worth more?

It's not like I don't try
It's not like I don't want to go
to finish my papers
or get my license
or write my dreams
I can't
Why can't you understand?
What is it I can't see
in you
that keeps you from seeing
what I see
in me?

Why do you let them try?
Why do you let them fail
and flail
Why don't you ever give up
Is it worth it to wait for a day that will never come
a life you'll never live?

Why do you let them fill you with minerals and chemicals and cynical shades of laughter and why do you let it go on?

Why can't you just escape?

Once and it's done and won.

Once and you no longer have to run.

Is there no possibility?
No potential
no hope?

One can't just lay down and die until one has tried and tried and tried.

One can't die until one has tried to live.

Until life is impossible.

The hours pass by

and I am still

The days and weeks and months pass by

## but when does the time come to kill?

And here you are look at yourself sitting, slouching fading in your chair long long hair

Your life goes on another paper done another piece of homework in though not until you stop writing and begin but even then what have you won what have you done what will you ever do? What did anyone ever do to you? You've no right to complain. Either get going or give up. If you're right and it's true that you're life isn't in your hands or your head and you can never not be tired and you can never awake then why don't you go to sleep? Why can't you go to sleep? What's wrong with sleep? Is this wakefulness? Is this worth it? You try so hard little shadow, little mouseling little thing you try so hard you try so hard someday you'll find your wing or someday sleep won't mean a thing.

The hours pass by
and I am still
The days and weeks and months pass by
but when does the time come to kill?

## Naught But Shadow

Are you naught but shadow little one? Your eyes are tuned as one who's blind. We've seen you wandering by sun, What is it that you hope to find?

Can you not hear the ocean dance, not see the folk of wonderland? The sand is playing with the grass, The fairies offer you their hands.

You're hereby ordered out of mind.
A wound is made a gash is felt.
Now leave your dizzy head behind,
And stay 'til final card is dealt.

You know we really couldn't care, far less than do already we. We try don't meddle in affairs, Of dreamers yet to vaguely see, the outline of reality.

Do shadows ever die?
Do echoes ever weep?
Do the storm clouds ever cry,
The gentle stars to sleep?

We're quite curious,
Quite curious,
Quite eager us to know,
For questions rain
Upon the fields
In never ending flow.

Are you quite unable little one?
Not one word have you understood.
Tell us a truth free of your past.
Or are you stuck in childhood?

Alone, they tell us, was the wind, Before our world was begun, No teacher had it now or then, It's wisdom is not secondhand.

So give us something you create, Not rock or water, man or beast. You speak of freedom, not of fate. Where is your bread for coming feast?

You us speak much, we you hear try.
Show us this air, of which you say,
In truth or riddle or in lie,
has not felt breath before this day.
Is any left, or shall we die?

Do boxes never sing? Do kittens never gloat? Do eaglets all take wing or, On sunshine do they float?

We're quite curious,
Quite eager us,
Quite curious you see,
For all you've said
Implies that life
Is more than mystery.

Are you but a ghost oh little one, Who haunts the swing-set by the sea, With other dying youth to run, out of all thought and memory.

This game you play, what are the rules? You take turns giving meaning out. Or were we right when we began, Is there no method to your shout?

You say, "You silly mice aren't real, Of course you can not comprehend!" Is this the reason only you See your imaginary friend?

Can you not dance without these chains?
It rules your every waking thought.
Only in slumber freedom reigns,
In dream you put aside your pride
And ride. With dragons be your lot.

Do all you young ones act, In just this very way, Accepting an empty act, In trade for joyful play? We're quite eager us, Quite curious, Quite curious to hear, Does wisdom lead To child's joy Or hurry past in fear?

The wind, you tell yourself each night, Is there to lead the song. There's more to life than simple fate, More than nothing at all.

There's good, there's evil, you believe, Like boxes black and white, There's many here to you deceive, And others to bring light.

If someone walks in righteousness, And wisdom is their guide, They seek perfection, nothing less, They've loving face and stride,

You say this lord will cleanse your sin And wash you white as snow, He'll then as father take you in, He'll light your candle deep within A gentle wind will blow.

Will darkness ever wake?
Will silence ever stop?
Will you us show this answer,
The riddle has you know?

We're quite curious,
Quite curious,
Quite eager us to watch,
Your simple play
Us does amuse
We love your empty touch.

If there is meaning as you say,
Beyond that which the shadows give,
That will in age not fade away,
But may somewhere forever live,

And if it's true that one can knot The strands of possibility, And logic make of land begot By utter surreality,

And if there's honey in the trees, And taste within a long cool drink, And substance in sapient breeze, And feeling when the sucklings think,

And if, we're trying hard, this thing, To hold within our dreamlike grasp, But if, you must admit, you know, We're not the prime choice for the task, Now if you're right, then may we ask

> Where does this pathway go? What does this road escape? What secret do you know of, In peace your home to make?

And thus,
We are quite eager us,
Quite curious to know,
As god himself,
does come at last,
the earth away to blow,
are you and we
to enter Deep,
as candles in the snow?

#### Graves of Gods

At my God's decree I wound my chain round wilted hearts and shifting rain over graves of ghosts and bleeding pain at the loss of treasures I couldn't claim

The years of laughter and times of joy nothing can take and nothing can destroy I'll remember forever with no tinge of shame such feelings of wonder I can hardly name

It was more than fun it was moments I couldn't give up for the world and I know that I wouldn't have changed a word or let any of it go even knowing all of what I now know

But all is fragile and all must end and some wounds not even time can mend and sometimes one feels a kind of pain no poetry can comprehend

And the Howling Dogs
bid me to say
that I had come
from fields of gray
and that I leave
to make my way
into the same
or so they pray

And now wonder told, do you know can you see?

I feel nothing but fire and nothing but free
I'll cry for the hurt and laugh for the glee
and dance for the things that I'm going to be

The past I will treasure that part hasn't changed
I knew at some point we would probably be estranged
I knew and I took what moments I had
and I had such joy and that is a fact

I didn't know it would hurt quite so much but it was worth every moment and worth every touch and now I think my future is in my own hands and to hell with the order and to hell with the plans

so start up a fire and start up a life

and boil the burners in your steaming device and fly if you can and laugh at the strife and see if you can't catch up with us mice

And the Howling Dogs
bid me to pray
that better things
will come my way
but I left my God
in a field of gray
where he makes His grave
or so they say

## **Epilogue**

Fragments of Coloured Dreams is a collection of poetry that I have written over the course of my life, often as catharsis during times of stress, anxiety, or depression. I hope that any readers going through similar times can, at least, feel a little less lonely. This work means a lot to me; perhaps it may come to mean a lot to others as well.

If you are able and willing to help support me in creating more artwork like this, I have a Patreon page where you can donate an amount of your choosing each month, for as long or as brief a time as you wish. I write poetry and prose, electronic music, and interactive fiction. This is the first literary work I have published, but with your help I can continue creating. Who knows what fascinating people and surreal worlds we may get to visit. While some stories could be dark or melancholic, as are many in the present collection, we might find a glimpse of joy, wonder, and laughter here and there.

I prefer publishing-platforms like Patreon and Bandcamp in part because I think that they enable me, as an artist, to connect more directly with people like you. Art often touches and moves us in personal, and emotional, ways, and so there is already a great deal of trust required between an artist who shows others their creations and an audience who allows themselves to experience and be moved by a work of art. I think pay-what-you-want models of publishing reflect this trust: I must trust those who come across my art to judge my work as worthy of existing, at least in their subjective estimation, and to help support me by both spreading the word about my work and donating based on both what they think my artwork is worth and what they are able to give. In turn, my supporters must trust me to keep creating, and to create more work that they will be glad exists. Such a relationship is not one of charity, there is a mutual connection and respect, a reciprocity, a trade, but it is a trade with a somewhat different feel to it from more traditional ways of publishing and selling art. It is perhaps a more personal way of interacting, and I think that is especially appropriate for art that is very personal to its creator, as this work is to me.

Thank you for reading this poetry collection, and for any and all support, financial or otherwise, that you give.

If you wish to talk, you can email me at sasha@emptiestvoid.com

If you want to check out my Patreon page, follow me for news of new releases, and perhaps, if you are not already, become a patron, you can find me at https://www.patreon.com/sasha\_fenn

If you want to share individual poems or other literary works of mine with your friends, you can find much of my work at https://www.deviantart.com/scarletegret

https://neonhopscotch.newgrounds.com/

Last, but not least, at some point in the distant, or not so distant, future, we may find that www.emptiestvoid.com greets us with things, perhaps, unexpected.

Until then, peace to you.

~ Sasha Fenn

